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The Lottery

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The Lottery.

Tune—*Poor Jack.*

(SOLD BY J. EVANS, NO. 41, LONG-LANE.)

COME listen good people awhile to my lay,
For I hope it will make you to smile,
As I mean now to give you the theme of the day,
And a few tedious moments beguile;
The Lottery once more is now drawing away,
And the people are all going mad;
Some dancing and singing, and capering away,
And some altogether as sad;
While others attempt their own lives for to end,
Because that their fortune's so bad,
No creature I'm sure can their folly defend,
Unless, too, they're Lottery mad.

Take a step to Guildhall any day in the week,
There the gamblers assemble to chat,
Some trembling each time the Commissioners speak,
And some cry—what number is that?
Huzza! 22, well, how lucky for me,
I'll go treat the astrologer well,
For he told me last night that a prize it would be,
And so now you see it has fell:
Dear, where was my brains? cries a Miss so demure,
This morning I dreamt of my lad,
His age 22, and yet I not insure,
O this Lottery will sure drive me mad.

Now you're talking of dreams, cries the 9th of a man,
I wish you could interpret mine,
I thought I found gold in my old frying pan,
Which surely resembles a nine;
Aye, nine, cries a cobbler, and a prize it will be,
And to-morrow I won't let it pass,
If it comes up for you, 'twill be lucky for me.
So d--n it, I'll venture my last;
When, lo! the next day, no nine does come out,
Of course there's no cash to be had.
Poor Jobson goes stamping and swearing about,
This d---'d Lottery will drive me stark mad.

When the husband awakes in the morning, he cries,
I have had such a dream, my dear duck,
'Tis not good to relate it before we arise,
But I'm sure it portends us good luck;
Poor spousy so sure that her husband will win,
To the pop-shop she runs with his coat,
And at night she sets off, home their gains for to bring
But, behold ye the office is shut;
The mob for revenge now the windows assail,
With stones, mud, or what'er can be had,
To the house all their smashing does nothing avail,
But the Lottery has made them quite mad.

Mamma to her darling cries, Tommy, d'ye see,
I'll not take number eight any more,
For last night I dreamt eight halfpence fell from my
knee,
And you stopt them from reaching the floor;
Go then, my dear boy, do this number quite high,
Should it start what a fortunate dream,
On Sunday I'm make you a rare whapping pyc,
And treat you with Devonshire cream;
Old Bluster 'gainst Pitt does most terribly swear,
Cries the taxes he makes are so bad,
That if he don't lessen them much next year,
I'm sure honest men will run mad.